

52 BIG FULL WIDTH PAGES - WHY PAY MORE FOR LESS



JANUARY No.27

P

MARY 12-11-11

I.C.D.

# PLASTIC MAN

10¢

Who is the  
"LEADER"?

WHO IS THIS MAN  
WHOSE SOLE AIM IS  
TREASON?

LEARN THE IDENTITY  
OF THIS FANATICAL FIEND  
AND HIS DIABOLICAL  
DEEDS OF DESTRUCTION!



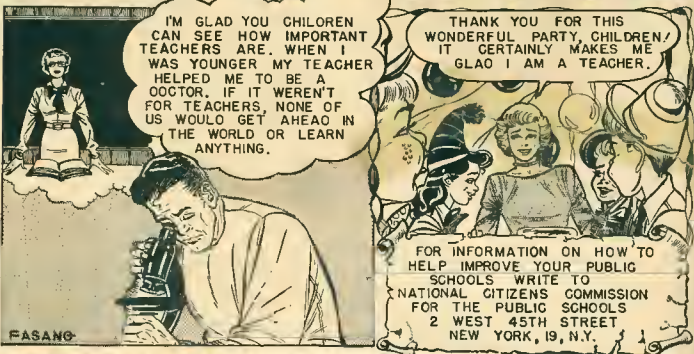
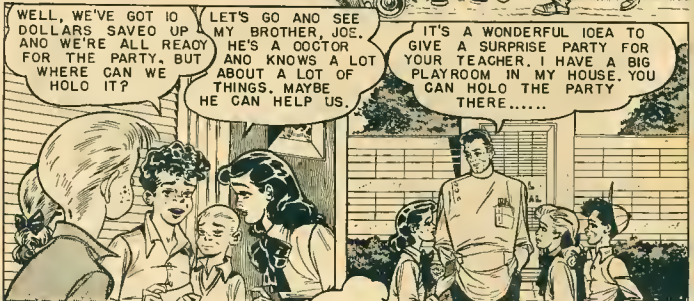
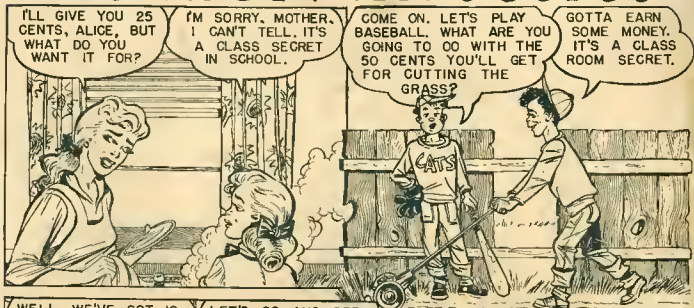




WEB COMIC  
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# the classroom secret

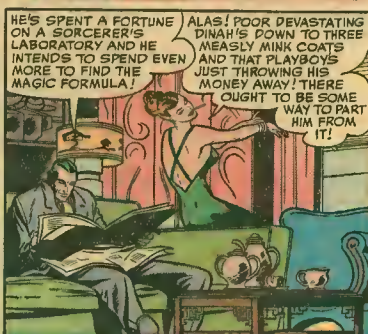
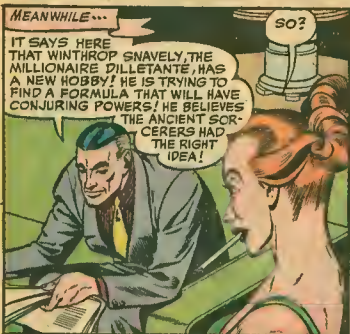


# PLASTIC MAN

HA! IT SAYS  
THAT FROM THIS  
BREW I CAN EXPECT  
A SURPRISE THAT  
WILL MAKE ME  
SEE CRIME IN  
A NEW LIGHT!

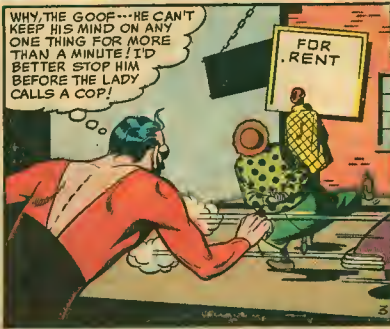
CORKSCREW COLLINS WAS  
LOOKING FOR A FAST BUCK,  
WINTHROP SNAVELY WAS  
LOOKING FOR A MAGIC  
FORMULA AND WOZZY WINKS  
WAS LOOKING FOR  
DEVASTATING DINAH!  
TOGETHER THEY HAD  
PLASTIC MAN IN AN AWFUL  
MIXUP IN ...

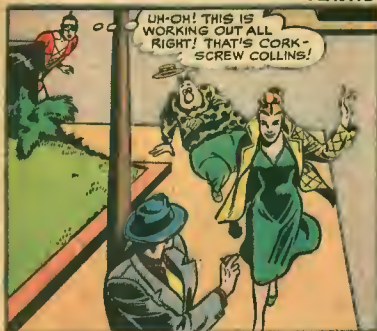
## THE SORCERER'S CAULDRON!

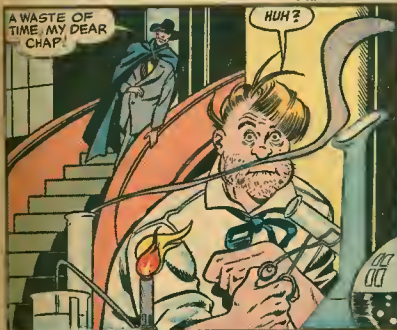




# PLASTIC MAN







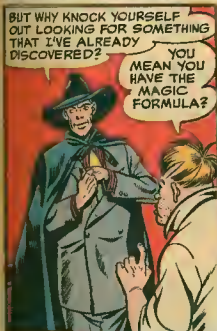
A WASTE OF  
TIME, MY DEAR  
CHAP!

HUH?



THOSE METHODS HAVE BEEN TRIED  
THOUSANDS OF TIMES AND THEY'VE  
NEVER PRODUCED THE MAGIC  
FORMULA! AS ONE SORCERER  
TO ANOTHER I'M GIVING IT  
TO YOU STRAIGHT!

GOSH!  
HE  
CALLED ME A  
SORCERER!



BUT WHY KNOCK YOURSELF  
OUT LOOKING FOR SOMETHING  
THAT I'VE ALREADY  
DISCOVERED?

YOU  
MEAN YOU  
HAVE THE  
MAGIC  
FORMULA?



WHAT  
ELSE?

GOODNESS!  
BUT ARE YOU  
SURE IT'LL  
CONJURE  
THINGS?

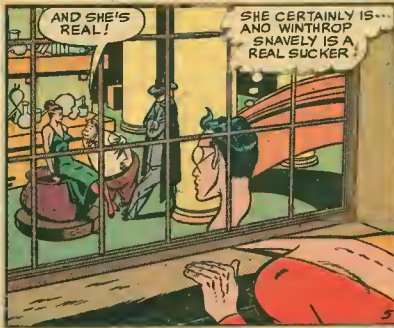


WATCH!



HOW'S  
THAT FOR  
CONJURING?

MARVELOUS!

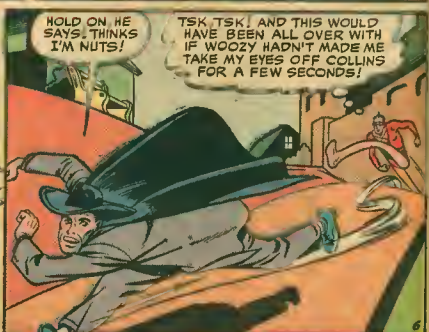
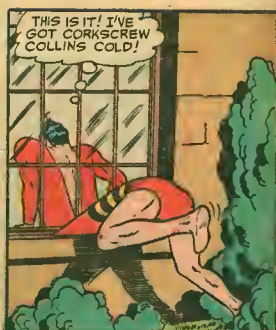
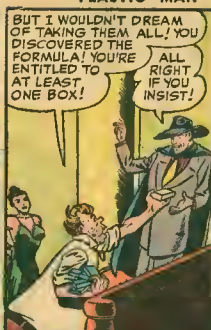


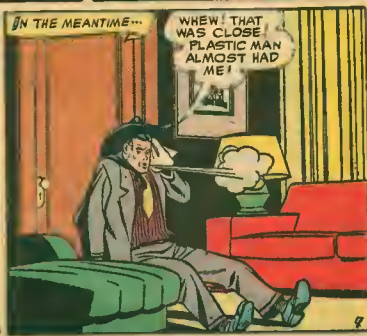
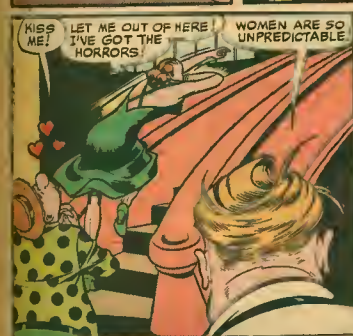
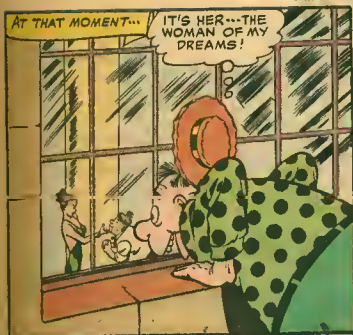
AND SHE'S  
REAL!

SHE CERTAINLY IS...  
AND WINTHROP  
SNAVELY IS A  
REAL SUCKER



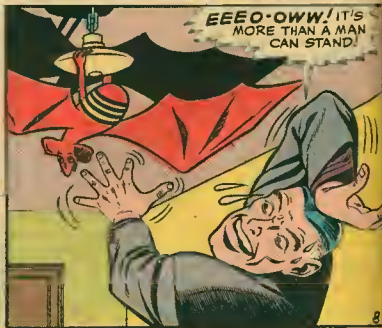
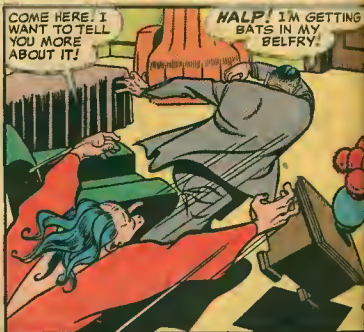
# PLASTIC MAN

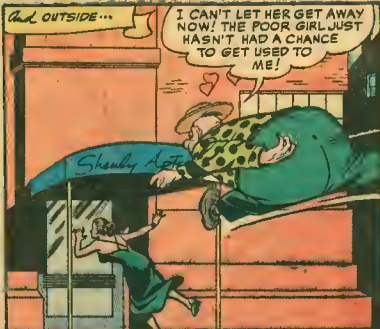




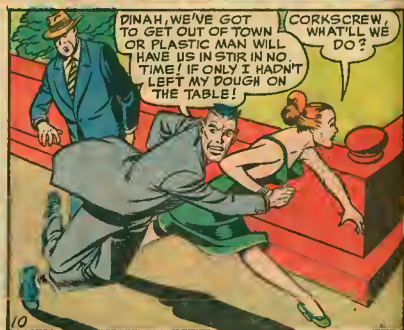
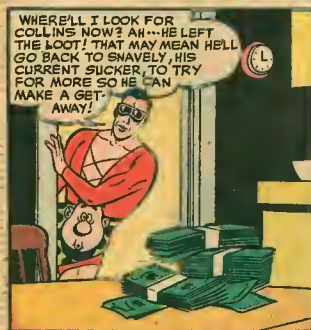
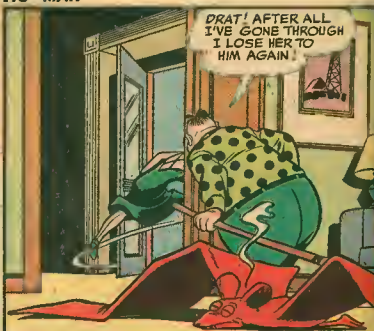


# PLASTIC MAN









WE'LL GO BACK TO SNAVELY AND TRY TO GET MORE OUT OF THE CHUMP!



IT DOESN'T WORK!  
IT'S LOST ITS POWER...  
OR IT NEVER HAD ANY!



YOU, YOUR FORMULA HAS NO POWER!

TSK! TSK! DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE THAT HAS PLENTY!



YOU HAVE? WHAT IS IT?

THIS!



BUT WHAT CAN IT DO? CAN IT CONJURE?

IT CERTAINLY CAN! WATCH IT CONJURE UP ANOTHER FIFTY GRAND FROM YOU! GET IT UP OR ELSE!

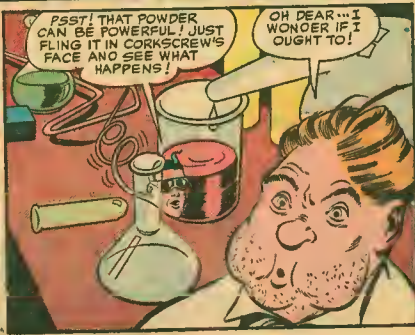


OH, WOE! I UNDERSTAND NOW! YOU'RE JUST HOLDING ME UP! I WISH THIS POWDER REALLY HAD SOME POWER! I'D SHOW YOU A THING OR TWO, YOU NASTY PERSON!



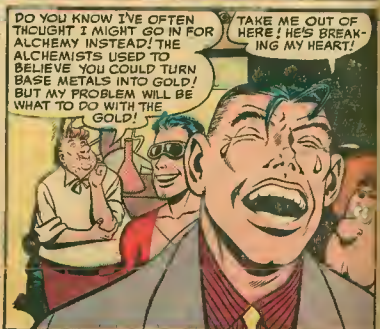
PSST! THAT POWDER CAN BE POWERFUL! JUST FLING IT IN CORKSCREWS' FACE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

OH DEAR... I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO!





# PLASTIC MAN



I KNOW  
WOOZY  
AND WE  
HAVE TO  
FIND  
OUT  
WHY!

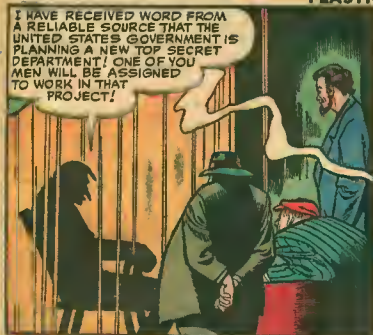
**SOMEONE...KNOWN ONLY AS THE LEADER...IS AFTER OUR VITAL GOVERNMENT SECRETS! GIGI, THE GLAMOROUS SINGER, FITS SOMEWHERE INTO THE JUMBLED JIG-SAW PUZZLE OF ESPIONAGE! AND IT'S UP TO PLASTIC MAN TO FOLLOW THE LEADER AND STOP HIM-- BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!**

...AND MAKE NO  
ATTEMPT TO  
TO DISCOVER  
HIS IDENTITY -  
OR YOU SHALL  
BE PUNISHED  
BY DEATH!

LOOK  
BEHIND  
YOU!



# PLASTIC MAN



# PLASTIC MAN

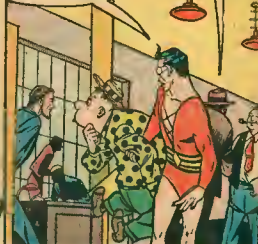
SEE THAT MAN OVER THERE? HE'S GOT A PHOTOGRAPHIC MIND AND HE'S A VENTRILOQUIST BESIDES!

YOU MEAN YOU CAN TELL ALL THAT JUST BY LOOKING AT HIM? THAT'S NONSENSE WOOLZY!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, PLAS... HE'S THE GREAT WILBERFORCE! I USED TO SEE HIM AT COUNTY FAIRS! HE COULD LOOK AT A PIECE OF PAPER FOR A MINUTE AND THEN TELL YOU EVERYTHING THAT WAS WRITTEN ON IT!

WILBERFORCE WAS SCREENED BEFORE HE CAME TO WORK HERE! HE'S A LOYAL CITIZEN JUST LIKE YOU AND ME!

GOOBYE, BILL! THANKS FOR SHOWING US AROUND!



SOMEHOW I DON'T TRUST THAT WILBERFORCE! I BET HE'S UP TO SOMETHING!

CALM DOWN, WOOLZY! YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY SPY STORIES!

SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, CHIEF!

I'LL MEET YOU BACK AT THE HOUSE, PLAS! GOTTA SEE A WOMAN ABOUT A DOG.



WOOLZY GETS INTO THE DARDEST SCRAPES WHEN HE'S ON THE LOOSE! I'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM!





# PLASTIC MAN



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STOP ME FROM HAVING SOME FUN...THIS TIME!

WOZZY, COME BACK HERE!



DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, PLAS? THAT'S WILBERFORCE!

IT DOESN'T MEAN A THING! PLENTY OF PEOPLE GO TO NIGHT CLUBS!



I'LL SHOW YOU GENTLEMEN TO YOUR TABLE! THE FLOOR SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

LET'S STAY A FEW MINUTES, HUH, PLAS? THAT AIN'T ASKING TOO MUCH!



GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I'M HERE TO SING ANY SONG YOU REQUEST! JUST JOT DOWN THE TITLE OF THE SONG YOU WANT TO HEAR!

THAT'S THE GIRL! SHE WORKS HERE! GEE, MAYBE SHE'LL SING A TENDER BALLAD JUST FOR ME!

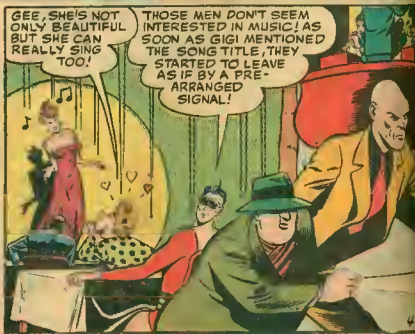


I'M GOING TO ASK HER TO SING, "WHAT DID YOU WANT TO RUN AWAY FOR WHEN YOU KNEW I WAS CHASING YOU?"

LET'S SEE WHAT SHE SINGS FOR WILBERFORCE! HE WAS IN A BIG HURRY TO GET HIS REQUEST IN FIRST!



AND NOW, GOOD PEOPLE...MY FIRST SONG WILL BE "WE'LL TAKE AN AUTOGYRO TO A LITTLE PLACE IN CAIRO!"



GEE, SHE'S NOT ONLY BEAUTIFUL BUT SHE CAN REALLY SING TOO!

THOSE MEN DON'T SEEM INTERESTED IN MUSIC! AS SOON AS GIGI MENTIONED THE SONG TITLE, THEY STARTED TO LEAVE AS IF BY A PRE-ARRANGED SIGNAL!

# PLASTIC MAN

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, PLAS? SHE HASN'T GUNG MY SONG FOR MY YET...

THERE'S SOMETHING ODD GOING ON! WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THOSE MEN WHO ARE LEAVING HERE IN SUCH A BIG RUSH!



AW, GEE! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO GO AND SPOIL A PERFECTLY LOVELY EVENING!

THOSE MEN LEFT AT WILBERFORCE'S SIGNAL! AND HE IS WORKING WITH TOP SECRET RECORDS! NEED I SAY MORE?



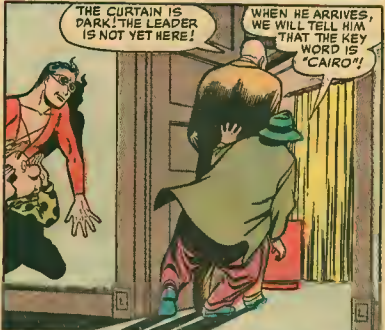
THEY'RE HEADING FOR THAT BUILDING! COME ON, WOODY!

THAT'S PLASTIC MAN! HE'S FOLLOWING OUR AGENTS, WE MUST STOP HIM!



THE CURTAIN IS DARK! THE LEADER IS NOT YET HERE!

WHEN HE ARRIVES, WE WILL TELL HIM THAT THE KEY WORD IS "CAIRO"!



CAIRO? HMM! SO THERE IS A CONNECTION AND MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT.

I WANT TO LOOK, TOO!



OOF!

GOOD WORK!



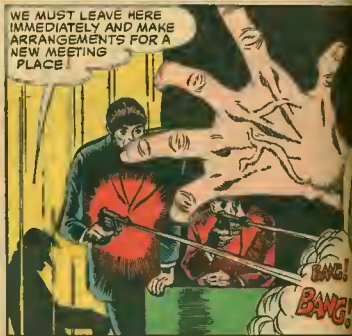
PLASTIC MAN KNOWS TOO MUCH ALREADY! HE IS A THREAT TO OUR CAUSE!

I CAN DISPOSE OF HIM AND HIS FRIEND WITH MY SILENCER. I THINK OUR LEADER WILL APPROVE!





# PLASTIC MAN



# PLASTIC MAN



THOSE FELLOWS WE WERE FOLLOWING SURE PICKED A PECULIAR TIME TO TAKE A NAP!

LOOK, AGAIN, WOOLZY! WE'RE NOT DEALING ONLY WITH SPIES, WE'RE DEALING WITH MERCILESS KILLERS!



...AND SMART ONES AT THAT! THEY CLEARED OUT OF HERE IN RECORD TIME AND THERE'S NOT A SHRED OF EVIDENCE IN SIGHT! AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT OUR ASSAILANTS LOOKED LIKE!



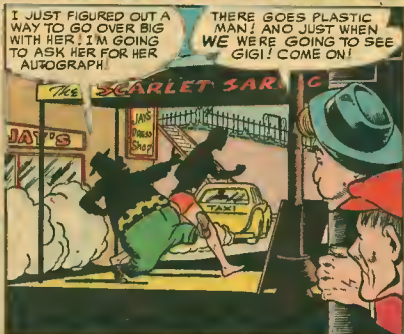
WELL, WE KNOW WHAT WILKBERFORCE LOOKS LIKE AND HE HAS JUST THE KIND OF FACE I'D RATHER FORGET!

HE'S OUR ONLY SUSPECT AND WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A CASE AGAINST HIM! YOU CAN'T BRING UP A MAN ON ESPIONAGE CHARGES JUST BECAUSE HE ASKS A GIRL TO SING A SONG FOR HIM!



WHY DON'T WE GO SEE THAT GIRL? I'D SURE LIKE TO QUESTION HER!

GOOD IDEA! THAT'S WHERE THE TRAIL STARTED! MAYBE WE CAN PICK IT UP AGAIN!



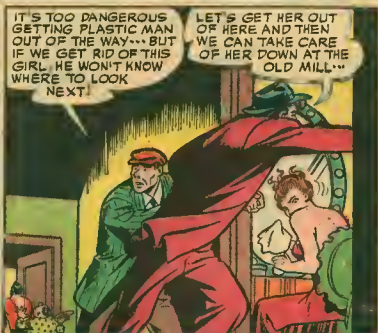
I JUST FIGURED OUT A WAY TO GO OVER BIG WITH HER. I'M GOING TO ASK HER FOR HER AUTOGRAPH!

THERE GOES PLASTIC MAN! AND JUST WHEN WE WERE GOING TO SEE GIGI! COME ON!



IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR GIGI, HER DRESSING ROOM IS BACK THERE!

HE MUST HAVE KNOWN FROM THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE WOOLZY THAT THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING!



IT'S TOO DANGEROUS GETTING PLASTIC MAN OUT OF THE WAY... BUT IF WE GET RID OF THIS GIRL, HE WON'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK NEXT!

LET'S GET HER OUT OF HERE AND THEN WE CAN TAKE CARE OF HER DOWN AT THE OLD MILL...



# PLASTIC MAN

THOSE GUYS MUST HAVE BEEN COMEDIANS OR SOMETHING. THIS IS A CLOSET.

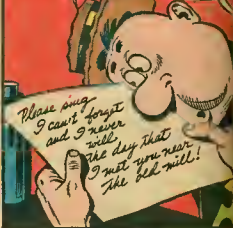
THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN STALLING FOR TIME! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT GIRL!

AW GEE THAT LOVELY BIRD OF PARADISE HAS FLOWN THE COOP!

AND IT SEEMS SHE DIDN'T RELUCTANTLY. THERE ARE SIGNS OF STRUGGLE IN HERE! WHAT'S THIS ON THE MIRROR?

IT'S ONE OF THOSE SONG REQUESTS!

OLD MILL... SAY, THAT'S A DESERTED PLACE RIGHT OUTSIDE OF TOWN! THIS MAY BE A CLUE TO THE GIRLS WHEREABOUTS... OR A TRAP!



IT WAS TACKLED ONTO THE MIRROR SO THAT IT WOULD BE NOTICED IMMEDIATELY! IT'S THE ONLY LEAD WE'VE GOT NOW AND WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW IT THROUGH!

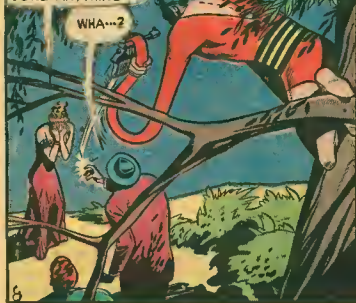


I DO NOT LIKE TO DO THIS TO SO BEAUTIFUL A WOMAN... BUT IT IS NECESSARY IF OUR CAUSE IS TO SUCCEED!



WOOF, HIDE BEHIND THIS TREE AND WAIT FOR MY INSTRUCTIONS.

BUT I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING...



WHA...?

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND... MY GUN WAS IN MY HANO AND... POOF... IT IS GONE!



SHHH!

# PLASTIC MAN

PLASTIC MAN! THANK GOODNESS! I OVERHEARD THEM PLANNING TO TAKE ME HERE AND LEFT THAT CLUE ON MY MIRROR!



THE GIRL... SHE'S GONE!

GEE, WHIZ, I WISH I WAS UP IN THAT TREE...MAYBE HOLDING HER HAND OR WHISPERING SWEET NOTHING!



FIRST THE GUN AND NOW THE GIRL...I MUST BE GOING MAD!

FOR BEST RESULTS... CONFUSE THE ENEMY!

IF THE LEADER HEARS OF THIS HE WILL SHOW US NO MERCY! WE MUST SAY NOTHING ABOUT THE GIRL!



THE GUN IS HERE!

THERE IS NO TIME TO LOOK FOR THE GIRL NOW. THE LEADER WAITS FOR US NOW IN OUR NEW HEADQUARTERS. WE MUST RETURN AT ONCE!



WE MUST PRETEND THAT NOTHING HAS GONE WRONG, OR OUR LIVES WILL NOT BE WORTH A COUNTERFEIT COIN!

COME ON OUT, WOZZY! I WANT YOU TO TAKE GIGI HOME! I HAVE TO FOLLOW THOSE MEN!



YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME, PLAS! I'M GOING TO GUARD THAT GIRL LIKE SHE'S NEVER BEEN GUARDED BEFORE!

DON'T OVERDO IT! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



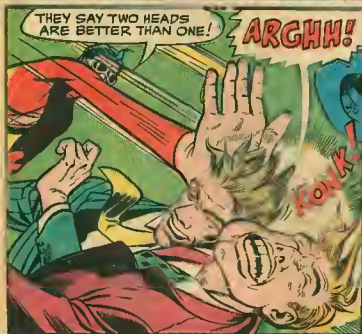
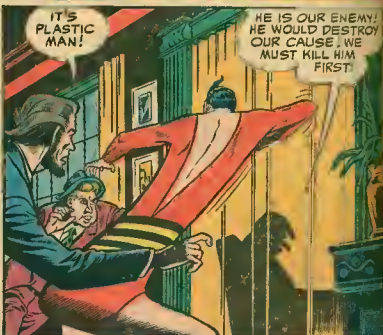
I HAVE THE UNEASY FEELING THAT WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!

YOU MUST KEEP CALM... THERE IS NO ONE BEHIND US!





# PLASTIC MAN



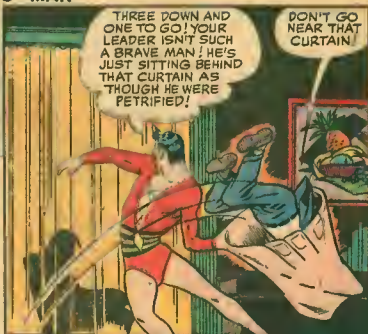
# PLASTIC MAN



TAKE THIS!

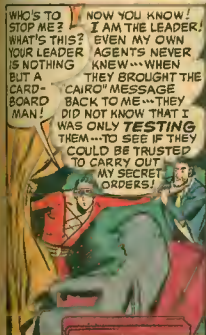
SORRY, I'D RATHER NOT!

WHAM!



THREE DOWN AND ONE TO GO! YOUR LEADER ISN'T SUCH A BRAVE MAN! HE'S JUST SITTING BEHIND THAT CURTAIN AS THOUGH HE WERE PETRIFIED!

DON'T GO NEAR THAT CURTAIN!



WHO'S TO STOP ME? WHAT'S THIS? YOUR LEADER IS NOTHING BUT A CARD-BOARD MAN!

NOW YOU KNOW! I AM THE LEADER! EVEN MY OWN AGENTS NEVER KNEW... WHEN THEY BROUGHT THE CAIRO MESSAGE BACK TO ME... THEY DID NOT KNOW THAT I WAS ONLY TESTING THEM... TO SEE IF THEY COULD BE TRUSTED TO CARRY OUT MY SECRET ORDERS!



A NEAT TRICK INDEED! BUT HOW DID YOU GET AWAY WITH IT?

I AM VERY CLEVER... ONE HAS TO BE IN THIS WORK! I USED MY SKILL AS A VENTRILOQUIST AND THUS COMMANDED MY AGENTS! THEY NEVER KNEW THAT IT WAS I, THE GREAT WILBERFORCE, WHO GAVE THEM THEIR ORDERS!



THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

WELL, WE'VE GOT WILBERFORCE AND HIS ESPIONAGE AGENTS LOCKED UP GOOD AND TIGHT, THANKS TO YOU, PLAS! THAT REALLY CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION LIKE THIS!

IT CERTAINLY WAS A COMPLICATED BUSINESS! HOW DID THEY WORK IT, PLAS?



WILBERFORCE HAD A PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY AND HE COULD GET INFORMATION OUT WITHOUT STEALING AS MUCH AS A SINGLE SCRAP OF PAPER! HE THEN USED THE GIRL SINGER AS A MEANS OF PASSING IT ALONG TO HIS AGENTS!



PLAS, I KNEW ALL THE TIME THAT GIGI WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL TO BE A SPY!

YOU'RE HOPELESS, WOZZY! BUT I MUST ADMIT THAT IF YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED GIGI, WE MIGHT NOT HAVE STUMBLED ONTO THIS SPY RING BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE!



# PLASTIC MAN

WOOTZ! STOP!  
YOU DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING!

PERFECT! PERFECT!  
EVERYTHING IS GOING  
ACCORDING TO  
MY PLAN!

# PLASTIC MAN

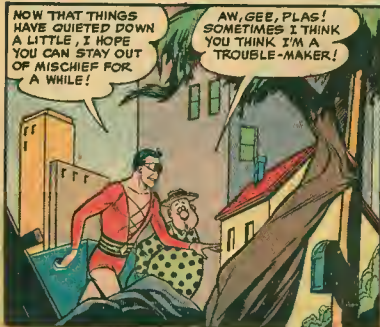
WHEN HYPNO, THE GREAT,  
MASTER OF HYPNOSIS,  
DETERMINES TO DISPOSE  
OF PLASTIC MAN, HE'S  
JUST ASKING FOR  
TROUBLE! AND PLASTIC  
MAN HAS TO DO SOME  
FAST THINKING TO SEE  
THAT HE GETS  
IT!

NOW THAT THINGS  
HAVE QUIETED DOWN  
A LITTLE, I HOPE  
YOU CAN STAY OUT  
OF MISCHIEF FOR  
A WHILE!

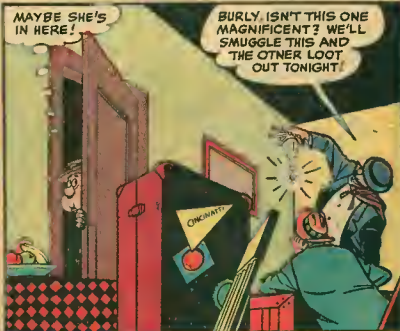
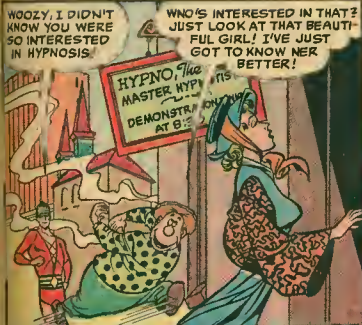
AW, GEE, PLAS!  
SOMETIMES I THINK  
YOU THINK I'M A  
TROUBLE-MAKER!

AND YOU'RE SO  
RIGHT!

HEY, DO YOU  
SEE WHAT I  
SEE?



# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN



I AM HYPNO THE GREAT  
AND THIS IS MY ASSISTANT  
MR. BURLY!

PLEASUED TO MAKE  
YOUR ACQUAINTANCE  
BUT THE GIRL?



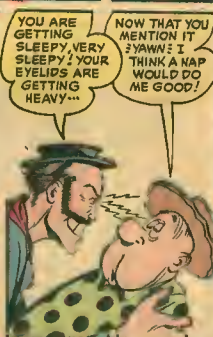
I CAN HELP YOU WITH  
YOUR PROBLEM! I CAN  
SHOW YOU HOW YOU  
CAN MAKE WOMEN  
SWOON AT YOUR  
FEET!

YOU CAN!  
OH, BOY!



NOW LISTEN VERY  
CAREFULLY AND DO  
EVERYTHING I TELL YOU!  
AND EVERY GIRL WHO  
MEETS YOU WILL FIND YOU  
IRRESISTIBLE!

GO AHEAD,  
MR. HYPNO!  
YOU CAN  
COUNT ON  
MY COM-  
PLETE CO-  
OPERATION!



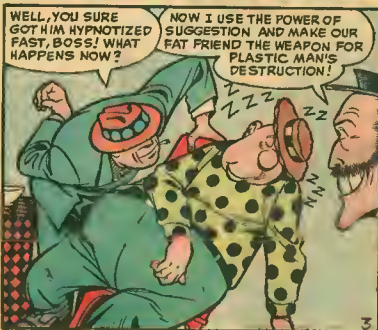
YOU ARE  
GETTING  
SLEEPY, VERY  
SLEEPY! YOUR  
EYELIDS ARE  
GETTING  
HEAVY...

NOW THAT YOU  
MENTION IT  
ZYAWN! I  
THINK A NAP  
WOULD DO  
ME GOOD!



YOU CAN'T CONTROL  
YOUR DROWSINESS!  
YOU ARE DROPPING  
OFF TO SLEEP...  
SLEEP!

ZZZZZZ!

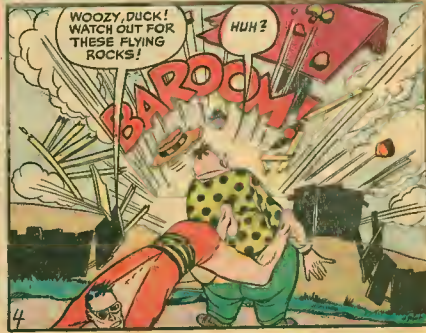
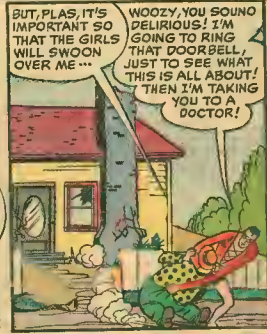


WELL, YOU SURE  
GOT HIM HYPNOTIZED  
FAST, BOSS! WHAT  
HAPPENS NOW?

NOW I USE THE POWER OF  
SUGGESTION AND MAKE OUR  
FAT FRIEND THE WEAPON FOR  
PLASTIC MAN'S  
DESTRUCTION!

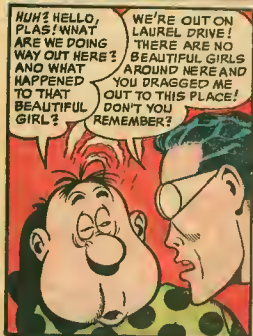
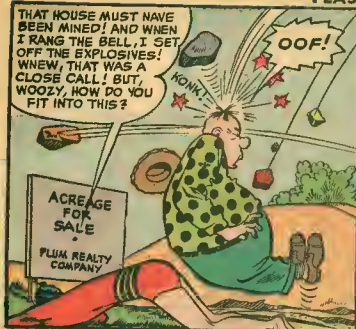


YOU ARE ASLEEP, BUT YOU CAN HEAR  
ME! LISTEN CAREFULLY NOW! YOU WILL  
GO TO PLASTIC MAN AND PERSUADE HIM  
TO ACCOMPANY YOU TO A HOUSE ON  
LAUREL DRIVE! YOU WILL BOTH GO  
TO THE FRONT DOOR AND RING  
THE BELL!





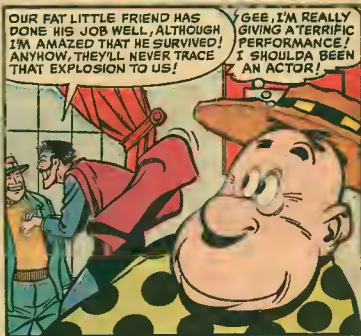
# PLASTIC MAN

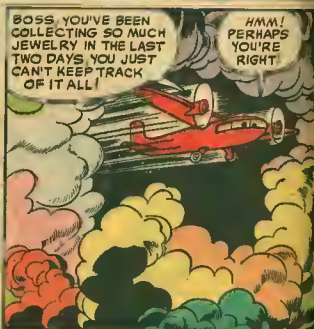
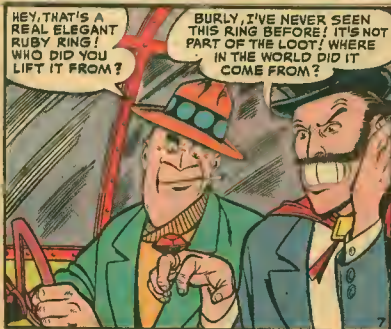
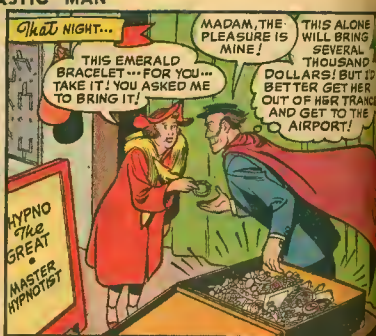


# PLASTIC MAN



YES, HYPHOSIS HAS PROVED A VERY PROFITABLE OCCUPATION FOR ME! I MERELY PUT MY SUBJECTS IN A TRANCE AND THEN SUGGEST THAT THEY GIVE ME THEIR JEWELRY! THEY NEVER REFUSE! AND WHEN THEY COME OUT OF THEIR TRANCE, THEY NEVER REMEMBER!







# PLASTIC-MAN

IF YOU WILL PERMIT ME A BIT OF HUMOR... WE MAY BE RIDING HIGH NOW BUT WHEN WE SELL THESE JEWELS, WE'LL REALLY BE RIDING HIGH!

HEY, BOSS! THE MOTOR SOUNDS FUNNY! YOU'D BETTER PUT ON YOUR PARACHUTE!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS! I CHECKED THE MOTOR BEFORE THE TAKE-OFF AND IT WAS IN GOOD CONDITION!

THE RUBY RING! IT'S GONE!

THAT MOTOR ISN'T GOING TO HOLD OUT! WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP FOR IT, BOSS! WANT ME TO CARRY THE JEWELS?

NO THANKS! IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T TRUST YOU, BURLY, BUT THAT RING VANISHING IN THIN AIR AROUSES MY SUSPICIONS!

PERHAPS THIS BUSINESS OF THE PLANE IS ALL TO THE GOOD! I'LL TRY TO SLIP AWAY AND THEN I WON'T HAVE TO SHARE THE LOOT WITH BURLY!

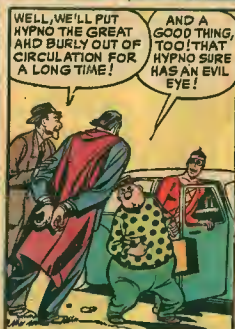
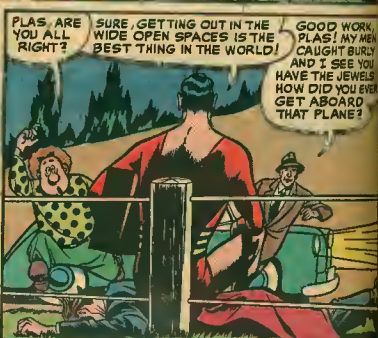
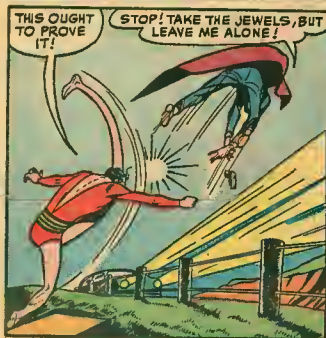
THIS IS A VERY CURIOUS PARACHUTE... BRIGHT RED! OH, WELL! IT'S DOING ITS JOB OF GETTING ME SAFELY TO THE GROUND!

OOF! NOW TO SHED THIS CHUTE QUICKLY AND SLIP AWAY!

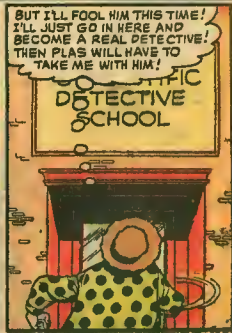
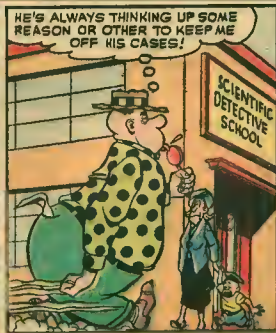
WHAT'S WRONG? I MUST WORK MYSELF LOOSE!

IT WON'T BE EASY!

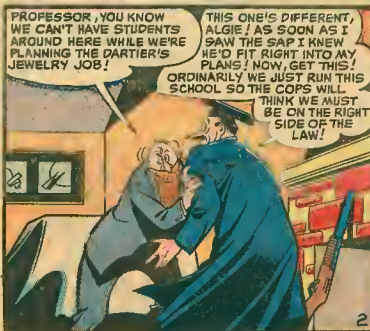
# PLASTIC MAN



# WOOLLY





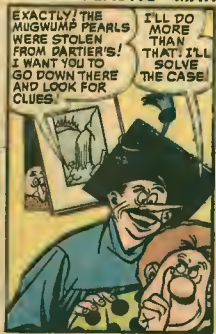


# PLASTIC MAN



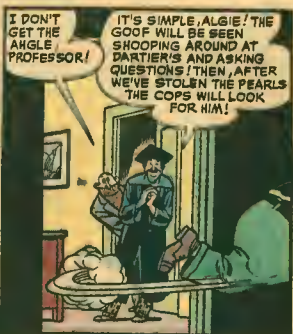
THE ADMISSIONS BOARD IS DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU! I GUESS YOU KNOW WE TEACH THROUGH PRACTICE SO HERE'S YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT!

GOSH! REAL DETECTIVE WORK RIGHT OFF THE BAT!



EXACTLY! THE MUGWUMP PEARLS WERE STOLEN FROM DARTIER'S! I WANT YOU TO GO DOWN THERE AND LOOK FOR CLUES!

I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT! I'LL SOLVE THE CASE!



I DON'T GET THE AHGLE PROFESSOR!

IT'S SIMPLE, ALGIE! THE GOOF WILL BE SEEN SHOOPING AROUND AT DARTIER'S AND ASKING QUESTIONS! THEN, AFTER WE'VE STOLEN THE PEARLS THE COPS WILL LOOK FOR HIM!



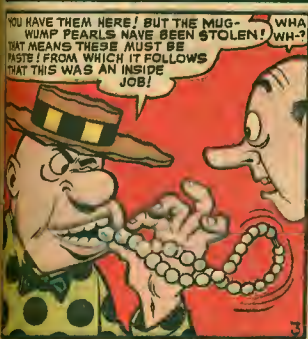
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SIR?

NOW, ABOUT THOSE MUGWUMP PEARLS!



HERE THEY ARE, SIR!

SO!



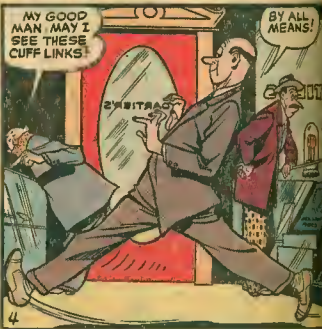
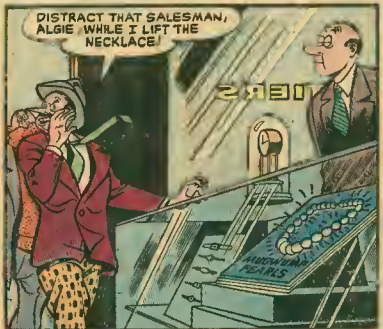
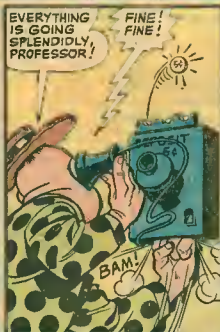
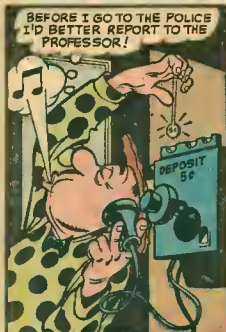
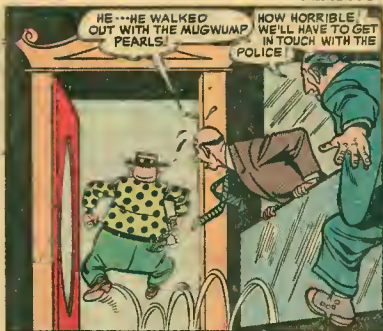
YOU HAVE THEM HERE! BUT THE MUGWUMP PEARLS HAVE BEEN STOLEN! THAT MEANS THESE MUST BE FAKES! FROM WHICH IT FOLLOWS THAT THIS WAS AN INSIDE JOB!

WHA WH?



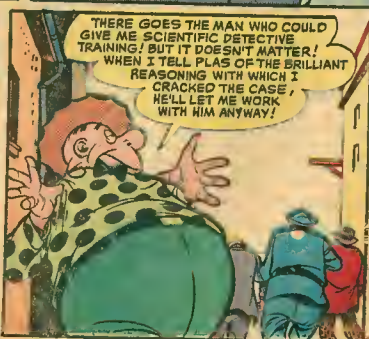
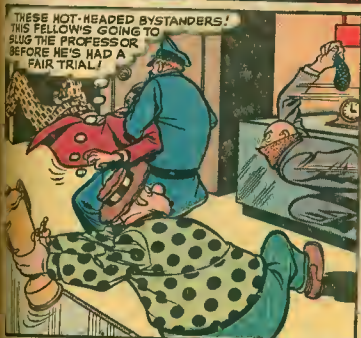
DON'T LIE TO ME! I'M A DETECTIVE! AND I'M GOING TO TAKE THESE FAKE PEARLS RIGHT DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND SHOW THEM TO THE POLICE!

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!





# PLASTIC MAN



# Rock-A-Bye Roughneck

**T**HE liner was almost lost in the fog swirling in around the docks. People streaming down the gangplank and into the Customs Shed to have their baggage checked were like creatures from some other world, drifting down out of a gray wall of vapor.

The last man to leave the great vessel was distinctly not a disembodied spirit. He was a large fat man who staggered down the creaked plank on stumbling feet. As he moved, he clung to the rail with one shaking hand and kept the other pressed tight to his ample middle. With every second step or so he uttered a deep and heart-rending groan. A tall, thin man beside him, carrying two pieces of expensive luggage, cursed disgustedly. "We wait a whole week for you to get back from Europe so we can cinch this caper, Spats, and what happens? You get seasick."

"Oooh," groaned the hulking Spats. "If you knew the goopy I have gone through on that ship, Moogy, you would have pity on me. I never could stand a rocking motion. As soon as I get my feet on solid ground again I'll be all right. We can go through with the bank job as planned."

The thin man hurried the bags through Customs and the two departed toward the lamp-lit, foggy street. Already the fat man seemed to be recovering. His round face had lost its greenish tinge and he could walk without staggering or groaning.

As the two vanished, a red railing across one corner of the Customs Shed seemed to writhe and swell and suddenly it popped off its supporting posts to become the red-clad figure of Plastic Man of the FBI. Plas flipped a salute to the Customs guards. "Thanks, boys. That was our man, all right—Spats Spiro, who's responsible for half the unsolved crimes on our books. We had a tip he was coming back from a vacation in Europe to pull off a big robbery."

Outside the fat man, grunting and puffing, was forcing himself through the too-narrow door of a waiting cab. He got almost inside when an immense hand, coming in the opposite door, spread itself over his face and shoved him back out with ungentle force. Spats squawled and fell back against Moogy, who stumbled back and into the embrace of Plastic Man himself. Plas,

coming up behind the unsuspecting pair, had merely stretched his elastic arm clear around the cab to push them back out.

"Plastic Man!" Moogy yelled. "What's the big idea? Since when is it a crime to meet a pal at the docks and get into a cab?"

"With rats like you two," Plas said grimly, "it ought to be a crime even to go on breathing. But this doesn't happen to be a pinch. It's just a gentle warning to lay off what you're planning for tonight or take the consequences."

"Don't you dare threaten a peaceful citizen on his way home from a wearying journey, you flexible fly-cop," blustered Spats. "Come, Moogy, let us leave this vulcanized vulture and continue our trip."

The pudgy cab-driver spoke up. "Look, do you want a cab or don't you? Other people are waiting if you don't."

Growling, the two scrambled into the cab as Plastic Man stepped back with an elaborately mocking howl. "Go right ahead, gentlemen. I have given my warning. The rest is up to you."

As the cab drew away, Spats hissed, "We'd better call the deal off. He'll attach himself to the cab like a spare tire or something and tag us all night."

"But he isn't," Moogy said, looking back. "He's turned around and is walking back into the Customs Shed. He isn't even watching to see where we're going."

"The non-skid nitwit," Spats snapped. "He actually thinks he has frightened us out of our plan. Well, we'll show him. We'll go through with it exactly at midnight. Tell the driver to cut through a few alleys and back streets to make sure we're not followed."

Exactly at midnight that night a black sedan pulled up in front of the dark and silent Morgan Trust. A moment later, deep inside the building, a dull boom rattled the windows and died away. In the sedan, Moogy looked at Spats and grinned. "On the old dot, boss. You had everything down to a T. I can just see the boys in there right this minute, shoving bundles of dough into sacks for us."

As a matter of vision, Moogy was doing poorly

right then. For instead of shoving money into waiting sacks, the two hoodlums used to carry out Spats' schemes were standing in frozen horror, goggling at the unbelievable apparition before them. Smoke was still rising from the blast-wreckage of the vault door and some of that smoke was strangely red. But more unbelievable, the red smoke seemed to be swaying and solidifying into the shocking figure of . . . Plastic Man.

"Boys," the figure said cblidingly, shaking a warning finger. "Don't you know you can't go around blowing the doors off other people's vaults like this? It's destructive and illegal, to say nothing of dangerous to life and limb."

One of the thugs caught his wits enough to yell, "PLASTIC MAN! GET HIM!" He grabbed out his gun and began to shoot wildly.

The slugs struck Plastic Man's elastic body and rebounded, whizzing wildly in all directions. The second thug threw himself on the floor, howling, "Cut it out, stupid! You wanna get us knocked off by them glancing slugs of yours? You oughta know bullets won't hurt Plastic Man."

"There must be sump'n that will," yelled the gunman. But before he could experiment, a massive swelling fist shot out and the vault room dissolved for him into a world full of bursting lights and then engulfing blackness.

In desperation, the second thug seized the heavy bag of burglars' tools. But before he could hurl it, Plastic Man's long, flexible arms swept out and encircled him, wrapping around and around until he resembled a Christmas package tied in red and yellow ribbon. "Silly boy," Plas said. "You should have stood in bed."

Outside, Spats and Moogy waited impatiently, knowing nothing of what went on behind the grim gray walls of the Trust Company. Their first intimation that all was not well came when a long, red, snake-like arm came down out of the darkness to deposit two limp and battered figures on the rear seat of the black sedan.

"Your boys," Plastic Man said gently, "didn't seem to do so well in there, Spatsy. Could be your master-minding blew a fuse."

After his first wild yelp of alarm, Spats caught

hold of himself. His lips went tight and he dug a sharp elbow into the ribs of Moogy as a warning for silence.

"I don't know what you're babbling about, Plastic Man," Spats said nastily. "And I can't figure why the FBI wastes the tax-payers' money by paying you to hound a couple of innocent citizens like Moogy and me. I think I'm going to have to demand police protection if this keeps up."

"You'll get it," Plastic Man assured him sweetly. "Why, at this very moment the boys at headquarters are dusting out a nice cell for you where nobody will bother you for maybe twenty or thirty years. This Trust Company robbery puts you right in my hands, Spatsy."

"G'wan," Spats shrilled. "You can't pin anything on Moogy and me. We just happened to stop out here to light our cigarettes and talk a little. You'll have a sweet time proving we had anything to do with those dumb monkeys you dumped in the back seat. We never saw 'em before in our lives. If you think you can prove any different, go ahead and try."

"Okay," Plas said pleasantly. "Oh, Woozy! Come over and introduce yourself."

Both Spats and Moogy gasped as they saw that Plas's pal, Woozy Winks was the "taxi driver" who had hauled them from the dock and straight to their headquarters. Then Spats shouted, "So what? You still can't tie us into this Trust job."

Without answering, Plastic Man suddenly snatched the fat man out of the car. Making his elastic body into a gigantic hammock, Plastic Man began to rock Spats back and forth, back and forth. After a minute or two the fat man suddenly howled, "Ulp! G-get me outa here! You're making me seasick! Stop it, I tell you. Oooo, I can't stand it any more. I'm s-sick."

"So sorry," Plas said sweetly, increasing the swing of his hammock-like body. "Would you rather tell us about your crimes or spend a few hours swinging and swinging?"

Woozy, watching from the sidewalk, said, "Put him down, Plas. He's confessing everything clear back to the lollypop he swiped in kindergarten. If you swing him much more, he'll be too sick to sign his confession."



PLASTIC MAN

# Plastic Man

THIS IS THE  
EASIEST JOB  
I EVER  
PULLED.

IS IT A  
BIRD?

IS IT A  
FLYING  
SAUCER?

SHUCKS,  
NO! IT'S  
PLASTIC  
MAN!

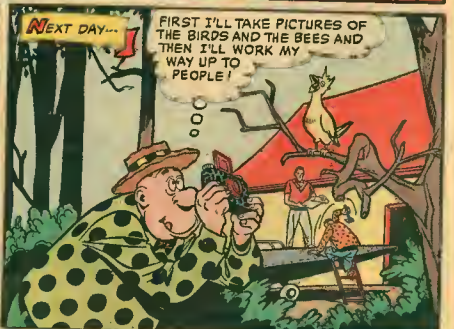
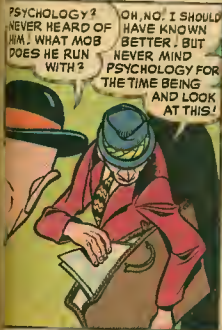
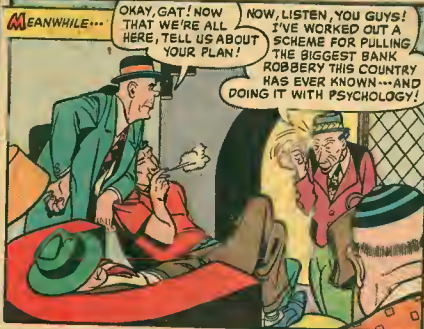
**W**HEN GAT GATSBY, MASTER  
CRIMINAL, TRIES TO PICK UP  
SOME EASY MONEY... IN A  
BANK, HE'S NOT BANKING  
ON PLASTIC MAN'S INTEREST  
IN HIS AFFAIRS!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
WOOZY!

HERE, WOODY! I KNOW YOU'VE  
WANTED ONE OF THESE FOR A  
LONG TIME!

GEE, A CAMERA! THANKS!  
I'M GOING TO LEARN TO  
USE IT RIGHT AWAY! IT'LL  
BE A BIG HELP IN MY  
FIGHT AGAINST  
CRIME!

INCIDENTALLY,  
PLAS! TALKING  
ABOUT CRIME...  
GAT GATSBY BLEW  
INTO TOWN TODAY  
AND WHERE THERE'S  
GATSBY, THERE'S  
TROUBLE!



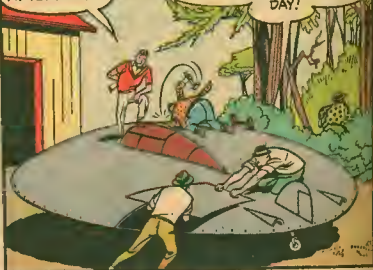
# PLASTIC MAN

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HOLD STILL SO I CAN TAKE YOUR PICTURE!



WE SHOULD HAVE THIS PLANE FINISHED BY TOMORROW AFTERNOON!

I HOPE GAT KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING! IT'S DANGEROUS PULLING A BANK STICK-UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY!



ROCKS AIN'T VERY INTERESTING, BUT AT LEAST THEY DON'T MOVE! WELL, THAT'S MY LAST SHOT! I'D BETTER GET HOME AND DEVELOP THIS ROLL OF FILM!



**LATER**

I'VE BEEN TAILING GATSBY ALL MORNING, CHIEF, AND IT SEEMS LIKE A WASTE OF TIME!



OH THERE YOU ARE! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! I WANT TO SHOW YOU THESE!

SHHH!

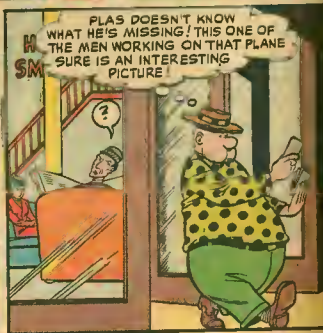


NOW, GET OUT OF HERE, WOOLLY, BEFORE YOU GIVE ME AWAY! IF GATSBY FINDS OUT HE'S BEING FOLLOWED, WE'LL NEVER GET ANYTHING ON HIM!

AW, GEE, PLAS! I WANT TO SHOW YOU A PICTURE OF A FLYING SAUCER!



PLAS DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S MISSING! THIS ONE OF THE MEN WORKING ON THAT PLANE SURE IS AN INTERESTING PICTURE!





# PLASTIC MAN

MY IMAGINATION MUST BE PLAYING TRICKS ON ME BUT I CAN SWEAR I SAW THAT FAT LITTLE GUY TALKING TO THE POTTED PALM!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON... NOW THERE'S SOMETHING WORTH PRESERVING FOR POSTERITY!



HEY, LOOK, A FLYING SAUCER!

EASY MONEY, HERE WE COME!



OUT OF MY WAY. I WANT TO SEE IT!

STOP SHOVING, BUD! I WANT TO SEE IT TOO!



IT MUST BE AN ADVERTISING STUNT!

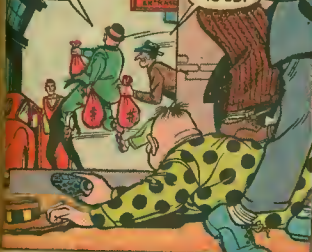
BUT THEY'RE NOT ADVERTISING ANYTHING!

THESE ARE NOT IDEAL WORKING CONDITIONS FOR A PHOTOGRAPHER!



THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO THIS PSYCHOLOGY BUSINESS!

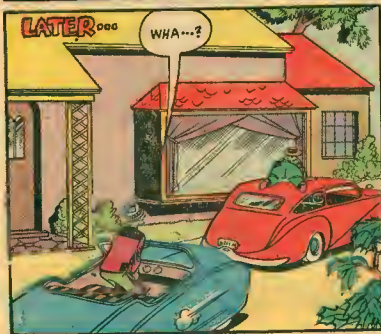
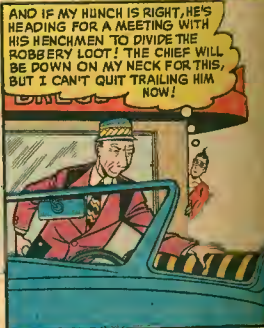
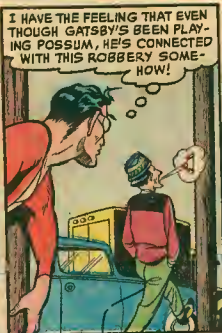
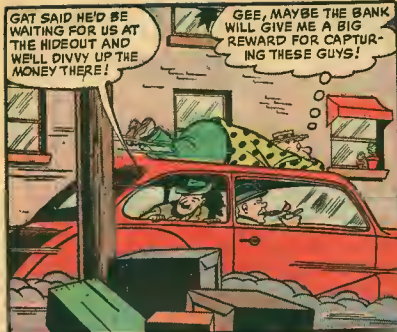
YEAH, THEY WERE SO BUSY GAWKING AT OUR FAKE FLYING SAUCER, THEY DIDN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO US!



I RECOGNIZE THOSE MEN! I TOOK THEIR PICTURE WHEN THEY WERE WORKING ON THAT AIR-PLANE! NOW THEY'VE ROBBED THE BANK! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THEM AND CAPTURE THEM SINGLE-HANDED!



# PLASTIC MAN



# PLASTIC MAN

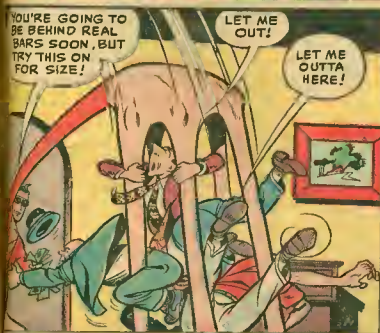


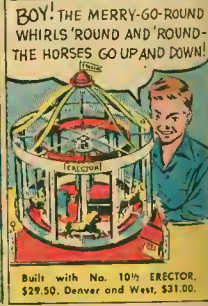
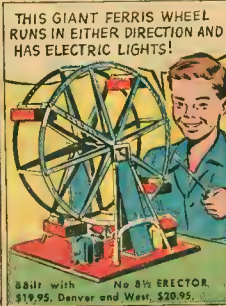
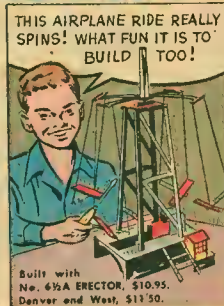
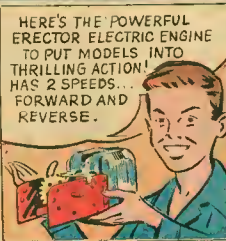
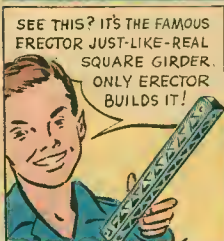


# PLASTIC MAN



# PLASTIC MAN

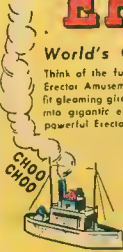




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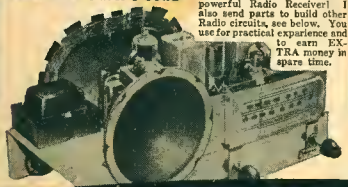
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# BE A RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIAN

**YOU BUILD** this Tester with parts I send early in my Servicing Course. Helps you fix neighbors' Radios and EARN EXTRA MONEY in spare time.

**YOU BUILD** Vacuum Tube Power Pack as part of my Communications Course; get experience with packs of many kinds. Learn how to correct Power Pack troubles.

**YOU BUILD** this A. M. Signal Generator as part of my Servicing Course. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



## Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing in Spare Time with KITS OF RADIO PARTS I Send



L. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute

Do you want good pay, a job with a bright future and security? Would you like to have a profitable shop or store of your own? If so, find out how you can realize your ambition in the fast growing, prosperous RADIO-TELEVISION industry. Even without Television, the industry is bigger than ever before. 81 million home and auto Radios, 2,700 Broadcasting Stations, expanding use of Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-wave Relay, Two-way Radio for buses, taxis, etc., are making opportunities for Servicing and Communications Technicians and FCC-Licensed Operators.

### Television is TODAY'S Good Job Maker

In 1949, almost 3,000,000 TV sets sold. By 1954, 20,000,000 TV sets estimated. 100 TV Stations now operating. Authorities predict 1,000 TV Stations. This means more jobs, good pay for qualified men all over the United States and Canada.

### Many Soon Make \$10 Extra a Week in Spare Time

Keep your job while training. Hundreds of successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS I trained had no previous experience, some only a grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable multimeter—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. Keep all equipment. Many students make \$5, \$10 extra a week fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. SPECIAL BOOKLETS start teaching you the day you enroll.

### Send Now For 2 Books FREE—Mail Coupon

Send now for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. You get actual Servicing lesson to show you how you learn at home. Also my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Read what my graduates are doing, earning; see equipment you practice with at home. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. IAK, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 37th Year.

## I TRAINED THESE MEN

"I have been operating my own Servicing business. In two years I did \$14,000 worth of business; net profit, \$4,850. Have one full time employee, an N.R.I. student."—PHILIP G. BLOGAN, Louisville 6, Ky.

"Four years ago, I was a housewife with a husband with a salary of \$14.75. Now I am a Radio Engineer with a key station of the American Broadcasting Company network."—NORMAN E. WARD, Ridgefield Park, N.J.

"When halfway thru the N.R.I. course, I made \$5 to \$8 a week fixing sets in my spare time. Am now selling and installing Television sets and accessories."—E. J. STREETEN, JR., New Boston, Ohio.

"My first job was operator with KDLR, obtained for me by your Graduate Service Dept. I am now Chief Engineer of Police Radio Station WQQX. I never hesitate to endorse N.R.I."—T. E. NOBLET, Hamilton, O.

# Veterans YOU MUST ACT FAST

G. I. Bill gives you valuable training benefits. For each 3 months of training eligibility, you can get a full year of N.R.I. Training. Keep your job while learning. But Act Now! Time is running out!

**HURRY!**

**Mail Coupon Now!**

## Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. IAK  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book about How to Win Success in Radio-Television. Both FREE. (No Salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ Check if Veteran ☐ Approved for training under G. I. Bill

THE ABC'S OF  
SERVICING

How to  
Be a  
Success  
in RADIO-  
TELEVISION

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Chrysler	Lafayette	Pontiac
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